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Fraternal Meetings

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Meets every Monday evening, at 7:30, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Fort street. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

C. O. HOTTEL, N. G.
E. R. HENDRY, Secretary.

HONOLULU AERIE 140,
F. G. E.

Meets on 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month at 7:30 o'clock in K. of P. Hall, King street. Visiting Eagles are invited to attend.

SAM'L McKEAGUE, W. P.
H. T. MOORE, Secty.

HONOLULU LODGE 616,
B. P. O. E.

Honolulu Lodge No. 616, B. P. O. E., will meet in their hall, on Miller and Beretania streets, every Friday evening. By order of the E. R.

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TOWN TALK

By The Man About Town.

Forth into the mainland straightway,

Journeyed jovial Joel Cohen.

Proudly with his band Hawaiian,

And the boys sang round him, o'er him:

"Will you pay us, Mister Cohen?"

In the caravan beside him

Went the leader, Captain Berger.

Up and down his baton waving,

Sometimes marking in his notebook

The amount he would be "saving";

Giving concerts and between times

Asking Cohen for some money.

But the people from its pathway,

When they heard the band a-coming,

Stepped aside, yes, side-stepped nimbly;

Put the frost upon the concert.

On the concert put the freezer,

Meanwhile coin was not with Cohen

And the autumn was advancing.

Autumn leaves began to fall,

Falling from the timbers tall.

Messages from Honolulu,

Some by wire and some by letter,

Told the band boys of the summer

Waiting for them in Hawaii.

"Hasten home," they said, beseeching,

"Fish and poi are in the pantry;

We will meet you by the water;

Madame Alapai will warble.

In delight for your returning."

And Herr Berger, doleful, answered:

"How, oh, how then are we going?

When we haven't got the coin;

When we cannot touch Joe Cohen?"

Whereupon the hat is circled,

Passed around to cop the dollars,

Dollars for the boys' returning.

For their passage, socks and collars,

"But," the cablegrams inform them,

"Pass the money on to Berger,

Don't let Cohen even see it.

Hurry home to spend Thanksgiving

For that is all you have to spend.

There are 'angels' praying for you,

Praying for your trip to end."

Did you know that the real boss of

the local Democratic party the power

behind the throne, as it were, is not a

Democrat, but a Republican. Well,

such is the case. I was surprised be-

yond measure when it was first re-

ported to me, but investigation seemed

to corroborate the accuracy of the report.

Who is it? Henry Pfleger, the drug-

gist. I am given to understand that

it was Henry who induced Lauka

to run; I am also given to understand

that it was Henry who elected Lauka,

and in fact, Henry was, to speak in

the parlance of the street, "the whole

cheese"—not a limburger cheese but a

real simon-pure cheese. Whenever any

kunaka wants a job he does not bother

with any of the numerous Democratic

leaders. They can do nothing without

referring the matter to Henry. I expect

that the new policemen will be

required to wear Henry's porous plas-

ters to make them strong.

My friend Charlie Falk is a great

golf enthusiast and it was his en-

thusiasm that recently got him into a

fix that his friends who are "on" are

still joshing him about.

Charlie went down to Haleiwa to

play golf. Now the course there is near

the deep blue sea and some times the

trade winds carry the balls far out to

sea. When that happens the man who

knows the course simply start again

where he made the last stroke and plays

over, one stroke to the bad.

But that was what Charlie did not

know. He was playing around when

suddenly his ball flew some thirty yards

out to sea. The boys with him were

fond of a joke and so they told him he

would have to go out and play it in.

"Go in, I can't do it," said Charlie.

"You must," they replied.

And so Charlie waded out into the

sea amid the breakers, up to his arms

and was endeavoring to play the ball

in. He probably would have been

there yet had not one of his friends

come along and "put him wise." It is

said that Charlie took the afternoon

train for town.

The other day I heard a very good

joke on Hilo as told by one of my

friends. If I remember correctly it

runs this way.

Once upon a time a resident of Hilo

died. He looked around after get-

ting into the other world and seeing

the golden stairs he began to mount

them and after a weary climb he faced

St. Peter.

"Well," exclaimed the venerable saint

"what do you want?"

"I want to go in," answered the

man and in accordance with the true

Hilo spirit he started to butt in.

"Hold on there!" said the saint,

"where are you going?"

"Why, inside of course."

"Well wait a minute. Where are you

from?"

"Hilo."

"Well, you can't go in, there are no

Hilo people in there. You will have

to go down the other way."

After that the Hilo man recognizing

the futility of his pleadings sorrowfully

wended his way downward. He neared

the under world and recognizing

his Santanic Majesty he approached

him and asked him for a lodging.

"Why, certainly," replied H. S. M.

"walk right in." But he added as an

afterthought, "Hold on there, where

did you say you were from?"

"Hilo."

"Shades of Lucifer! I am glad I

remembered to ask you that. Why

you can't go in. It is no fun burning

a man if you can't keep him awake.

You can't go in. Get out!"

Whereupon the Hiloite clapped his

hand to his forehead and exclaimed

sorrowfully, "Good Lord! have I got to

go back to Hilo?"

CAN PAY TAXES.

Judge Robinson granted the petition

of A. N. Campbell, administrator of

the estate of Mele L. Kuniaka, for an

order to pay taxes so as to save pen-

alties against the estate.

I have read FRANK McStocker's let-

ter about the Afong episode and con-

fess that I am disappointed. When I

saw the headlines in the paper I said

to myself: "Now McStocker is going

to tell all the details of the visit to the

Afong place in upper Nuuanu" but he

told nothing although he made some

very important and apparently dam-

aging admissions and an expectant pub-

lic must now await the time when Mrs.

Afong will make a public statement. I

am informed that Mrs. Afong has lots

of "sand" and that she intends to make

it warm for the men who "restrained"

her.

These expense accounts of the vari-

ous candidates are amusing. That of

Coelho who had no expense account

being especially amusing. (This is an

Irish bull, I admit). Coelho said that

he had no expenses for the Republican

central committee had paid everything

for him. Moses Palau, one of the Oahu

Democratic candidates for the legis-

lature, had the thing down to a science.

His campaigning cost him \$1.75 above

the nomination fee of \$25. When other

candidates who campaigned with Mos-

es put in items of \$20 and more for

traveling expenses, I begin to wonder

whether Moses did not campaign by

proxy. If he did not the walking must

have been awfully good.

I have not read Deacon Trent's bill

of expense yet. I wonder if he will

include in the items his expenses for

tires and gasoline for his automobile.

He worked that automobile to a fare-

you-well. Why the Republicans did

not accuse him of being a bloated plu-

tocratic off-spring of the trusts, I don't

know. He was the only candidate that

I saw who owned his own automobile.

Senator Palmer P. Woods felt awfully

blue the other day when he read that

one, Alawa, of West Hawaii, would

probably lose his seat in the legis-

lature because he had failed to

resign as notary public before elec-

tion. "It makes me tired," ejaculated

the Senator, "that fellow was one of

the few Democrats elected to the

House and now we may lose him.

What is the use of electing Democrats

any how if they don't get in."

Through all of the talk which has

been indulged in, in regard to the

stranding of the band there has con-

stantly run the word "angel". Now for

the life of me I cannot understand how

that term ever came to be applied to

the backers of theatrical investments

or to be more particular, how it came

to be applied to the hul of business men